

"People in those days (for this happened a long time ago), were very ignorant and the servants believed every word of his speech.

The ordeal began. The first person to enter the dining-room was the valet, Bourgogne. Conscious of his innocence, the honest fellow blew with all his might, and—put out the flame.

Bourgogne was frightened. "Indeed, I am not guilty," he cried.

"We know that, my friend," said the Duke kindly. "Do not alarm yourself! Only we do not want anything said about what goes on in here. Just go into that room on the right and remain there until we have finished this business."

When Bourgogne had gone, the Duke relighted the candle, and called in another man.

This one also blew strongly upon the flame, and to his dismay, blew it out.

He was reassured and sent to keep Bourgogne company.

The same thing happened again and again, until seven of the servants had blown out the candle.

At last came one who had been in the service of the Comte de Louppy only eight days.

This man puffed at the candle so gently and crookedly that the flame scarcely trembled.

"Blow harder, man!" said the Duc de Beaulieu. "If you are innocent, you have nothing to fear."

But the servant, who had a guilty conscience, puffed as lightly as possible.

"You are the thief."

"We will not expose you," said the Comte.

"Yes, my Lord," stammered the culprit. Putting his hand into his pocket, he brought out the missing purse.

"We need go no further," said the Comte de Louppy. "Your confession shall be known only to the Duke and myself; but tomorrow you will take yourself out of my house, to come to a bad end, unless you mend your ways, elsewhere!"



The Shot Tower Discovery

The shot tower was very high. At the top, in the center, was a great perforated plate, a giant colander, and a hundred feet below a vast tank of cold water glimmered.

"Here she goes," said the foreman.

He dumped a huge ladleful of molten lead into the colander. It fell in a fine rain through the perforations. Down below there was a splash, splash, splash, and in the tank lay many pounds of fresh shot, round and perfect.

"The shot tower, a grand invention, was due to a dream," the foreman said. "Once upon a time shot was made by hand. Lead was cut into tiny cubes, and rolled around in a barrel till the corners wearing off, the cubes grew round. A tedious, costly progress.

"Then came the dream of a man named Watts, a shot-maker.

"Watts dreamed one night that he went to a party, and that on the way home from the party a strange rain began to fall. The rain hurt him.

"It stings like shot," he said.

"And then he caught some of it in his hand, and found that it was shot.

"When Watts awoke the next morning

he couldn't get his odd dream out of his head. He thought of it all day long. And late that afternoon he went up into the steeple of a church and melted a small chunk of lead and dropped it down.

"The lead fell in round pellets, in perfect globules. It was shot—shot made with none of the difficulties of cutting and barrel-rolling. Watts, thanks to his dream, had happened on a wonderful invention.

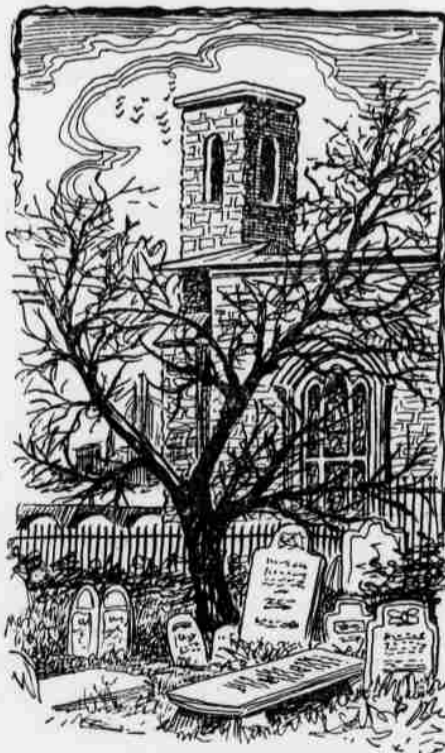
"The shot towers that rise like steeples over the land—only steeples are for the saving of life, while shot towers are for its destruction—would none of them exist if Watts had not had that strange dream of his."



Quaint Donegal Castle

As far back as history goes of this ancient Irish Castle of Donegal it was the stronghold of the O'Donnells. It was Hugh O'Donnell and his wife, Fingalla, of the house of O'Brien, who completed the Franciscan Monastery in the year 1474, and which was founded many years before by a very pious woman, Nuala O'Donnell.

In 1593 an English force seized an island in the harbor, and the soldiers quartered in the abbey, pillaging the county. At this time Hugh O'Donnell, son of the O'Donnell who had had the old abbey completed, was too old and feeble to make a defense; but his young son, Red Hugh, who had been a prisoner in Dublin Castle, succeeded in obtaining his liberty, and upon hearing of the insult to his county mustered his friends together and hurriedly came to the relief of Donegal, putting the enemy to rout. Red Hugh was a mere boy at the time, but through his valor and good sense he succeeded in saving what still remains of Donegal Castle. In his great joy at his son's victory the elder Hugh resigned his position as head of the Castle of Donegal in the youth's favor, and Red Hugh made the stronghold his home for some years. No figure in Irish history is more replete with interest than is that of Red Hugh O'Donnell. His life was filled with fiercest conflict, and he was one of the most fearless of men.



DONEGAL CASTLE



HOTEL RALEIGH

RALEIGH, N. C.

New and Modern. Sixty Rooms with Baths, Running Water in every room, Steam Heat, Electric Lights, a number of Suites with Private Parlors and Open Fires.

COMPLETE "INSTANTANEOUS" SYSTEM OF TELEPHONES and ELECTRIC ELEVATOR SERVICE. SOUTH-WESTERN EXPOSURE, OVERLOOKING PARK and APART FROM ALL OTHER BUILDINGS.

Howell Cobb, Proprietor



THE glory of winning the Cup is transitory; but the *quality* and the *art value* of the trophy are perpetual, and eloquently expressive of the sentiment involved—if made by

Reed & Barton Co.

Two New York Stores

320 Fifth Ave., at 32nd St.
4 Maiden Lane

Many designs for many events
and at moderate prices

Pinehurst Pharmacy

A COMPLETE LINE OF

Drugs, Sundries, Toilet Articles, Confections,

Stationery, Cigars, Etc.,

Hot and Cold Soda, Mineral Waters

Prescriptions Compounded by a Registered Pharmacist

Department Store Building

Visit the

Arts and Crafts
Shop

General Office Bldg

LIFT-THE-LATCH TEA ROOM

Pinebluff, N. C.

THE MISSES LITTLE.

PINEHURST DEPARTMENT STORE

Complete and Modern Equipment in Every
Department, and Prices on Par
with Northern Markets

Plain and Fancy Groceries

Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Notions, Men's Furnishings, Etc.
Complete Equipment for Men and Women for All Out Door Sports.
Field, Trap and Pistol Ammunition.

THE KIRKWOOD

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA

Renewed Golf Course

Best Saddle Horses and Livery

OPEN DEC. 16TH

T. Edmund Krumbholz